

# COMPTOMETER

# NEWS



*Spring*

1938

25 000 CIRCULATION

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
**FELT & TARRANT L<sup>TD</sup>**

# COMPTOMETER NEWS

VOL. 2. No. 3.

Edited by "OPERATOR"

# COMPTOMETER OPERATORS

*Here is Your News*

ONCE MORE WE GIVE YOU THE "NEWS"  
TO BRIGHTEN AN HOUR OR TWO,  
AND SOME OF IT'S WRITTEN BY ME,  
AND THE REST OF IT'S WRITTEN BY YOU.

THE DRAWINGS ARE VASTLY IMPROVED;  
THE PRIZES HAVE BEEN WELL-EARNED;  
THE INTEREST HAS BEEN MAINTAINED—  
AND THE HUMOUR HAS BEEN WELL TURNED.

THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE HELPED US ALONG  
WITH SKETCHES AND STORY AND RHYME,  
AND TO THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN TO PRAISE  
THE ISSUE WE SENT YOU LAST TIME.

WE STILL WANT NEW THOUGHTS AND IDEAS,  
SO PLEASE LET US HEAR FROM YOU ALL,  
YOUR ADVENTURES, YOUR FUN OR YOUR WORK  
OR YOUR STORIES BOTH SHORT AND TALL.

AND HERE IS AN S.O.S.  
WE ARE STILL NEEDING PUPILS TO TRAIN;  
THERE'S A SHORTAGE IN MOST OF OUR SCHOOLS  
AND WE BEG YOU TO HELP US AGAIN.

THERE IS MORE AND MORE SCOPE EVERY YEAR,  
SO WE HOPE YOU WILL TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS,  
OF THE GOOD JOBS THAT WAIT TO BE FILLED  
WHEN COMPTOMETER TRAINING ENDS.

K.



Our artist has gone all prehistoric.

He saw the drawings labelled "Comptometer Boys for Speed" in our last Issue, and these made him wonder what happened in the Early Ages. You can see the results on these two pages. What dashing times they must have been!

But what **did** they do about calculating in the Stone Age? They couldn't even count beyond two or three, and anything above three was "many" or "great many." And yet they got along somehow by a method of "barter" and comparison. They would make use of pebbles and sticks as the argument proceeded, and use various fingers and toes to represent different values when the transaction was unusually complicated.

Time was of little consequence, and some of the more important calculations probably went on for weeks. Imagine, for instance, Mr. Cave Mann buying new skins (now called furs) for his charming wife. Perhaps he is trying to pay for them with pickled wild boar and a green snake bracelet. The ground is littered with skins, defunct boars, bracelets, pebble formations, lines and diagrams drawn in the sand, and an anxious wife. Fingers and toes have been marked with different coloured inks—sorry, we mean pigments; beards are knotted and brows are knitted; Summer changes to Winter and still the accounts fail to balance. Wifey goes to her cave and the men go to their clubs—great big nobbly ones famous for "swing"—and once again is heard the famous battle cry "BRAINS WILL OUT," which seems to have been connected with the cracking of skulls. The main thing is, however, that another long calculation had been concluded **WITHOUT THE USE OF MACHINES.** But what a waste of brains! There ought to be a moral here somewhere for the present generation if only we could find it, but never mind.

#### WHAT A ROMAN "KNOWS"

No, we are not being rude about somebody's proboscis—but rather with Roman figures as a whole. Why, O why, when they **did** invent figures, did they make Roman numerals? Fancy being born in MDCCCXXXVIII! Try dividing MCC by XXX, using Roman characters throughout

and the answer will probably be a barrel of best beer on Lord's Cricket Ground—or what have you? It is stated on good authority that the Romans were not very fond of arithmetic—and who can blame them? Instead of writing down those horrible hieroglyphics of theirs, they used to have a series of rods in a frame with a lot of movable beads on each rod. This was the first calculating machine, and, strangely enough, remains popular in nurseries and infant schools to this present day. It has had a better fate, therefore, than many of the strange contraptions that followed it and which are now remembered mainly for their humorous side.

#### TEETHING TROUBLE

About 1000 A.D., for example, a Spanish Monk named Magnus made a calculating machine of brass in the shape of a human head. The figures were shown along the mouth part—just where the teeth should be. The records say that the machine worked, but those were the days when no man trusted his neighbour and superstition was rife. Magnus's pals thought the invention was conjured up from the Nether Regions—in

fact, an Evil One with too many wisdom teeth—so they did a bit of conjuring themselves and the brass head miraculously disappeared—so did Magnus.

#### THE BIRTH OF JAZZ

In the South Kensington Museum there is still to be seen Babbage's "Difference Engine." Babbage was an Englishman, but a Swede named Scheutz made a similar machine. They both seem to have been a bit hazy about what they were making, and quite frequently the answer was a lemon, thus giving rise to the well-known fruit machines. Perhaps



A Roman "Knows"

the inventors met sometimes and we can imagine the following little discussion taking place:

"Pi R Squared," says Mr. Scheutz.

"Pi is Squared" replies Mr. Babbage, who was always a stickler for grammar.

"Cos X went to 7 places," decided Mr. Scheutz.

"Which is a sine on the dotted line," answers Mr. B.

Mr. S. "And the answer is £ s. d."

Mr. B. "But I am not interested in money **BEYOND** a certain point."

Mr. S. "And what point is that, Mr. Babbage?"

Mr. B. "Why, the decimal point, of course, Mr. Scheutz."

Which, of course, is all as clear as a dirty window.

Anyhow, a machine (or engine) was eventually finished and weighed over half-a-ton. It was embedded in a few tons of masonry to keep it from straying from the straight and narrow, but even then it shook all the adjacent buildings and could be heard for miles around. It took the "rest" out of restaurant and put the "din" in dinner, and was, of course, the beginning of jazz as we know it to-day. Strange to relate, it occasionally gave correct answers.

How different is the Comptometer to-day that can just be tucked under the arm and which goes on working correctly and quietly, year in and year out, with practically no attention.

#### A WEIGHTY MATTER

Even in these modern times, however, there are still people who don't know what a Comptometer is. What about the fishmonger, for example, who recently phoned the Comptometer Repair Department and asked how to prevent his Comptometer giving

short weight? He said he thought the sea-air had effected it, and his customers were complaining. The chief mechanic tried to pass it off lightly and murmured something about "Weight and sea" and tried to be funny about "Fish Scales," but his "sole" wasn't really in it, and the fishmonger finally stopped calling his weighing machine a Comptometer. It would probably scorch the paper if we told you what he **did** call it, and as for the chief mechanic—well, the paper would burst into flames.

#### "COME TO METERS"

It was probably the similarity between "Comptometers" and "Come to Meters" that caused the business man in Aberdeen to send for a Comptometer mechanic to fix his gas and electricity meters so that they wouldn't register. The mechanic spent some time (that's all they do spend up there) telling the Aberdonian how strongly he disapproved of the suggestion, and then went home to experiment with his own meters. He discovered what an excellent idea it was, and that was probably the beginning of the now popular by-pass.

And what about the following extract from London's "Evening News" of 25th October last?

#### "CREAM OF THE JOKE"

A Maidstone firm of manufacturers advertised for a Comptometer Operator. One reply read: "Seeing your advertisement for operator I beg to apply for same. Used all machinery and repairs. Drive tractor and car. Also good milker."

Toodle-oo! Operators! We'll see you at the Dairy Show.

Well, if we have been able to show you some of the lighter moments of mechanical arithmetic, we have succeeded in our object. On the other hand, if we have failed to strike oil, we can at least stop boring.

Cheerio, everybody!

K.

Modern Miss: "And if I marry you, can I go on working at the office?"

Modern Boy: "Can you? Darling, I'm depending on it."



"Fish Scales"

# The News (any old Day)

1. **N**OW before I read you the news,  
Here is an S.O.S.  
Will somebody go to John Jukes  
Who has got himself into a mess.
2. He was vacuum-cleaning the rug  
When he sucked up the cat of Miss Wragge;  
Now he wants some kind friend to explain  
How to let the cat out of the bag.
3. Here's a message just come from the Police  
That a Doctor has missed some queer pills,  
And if someone has swallowed the lot  
He'll have gone a bit green at the gills.
4. The weather report is quite grim;  
Depressions are coming from Spain;  
Parts of the day will be wet  
And the bits in between will be rain.
5. If Air Raid Precautions you learn,  
Don't ARP on them all through the day;  
And don't take your ARP to a party,  
Or no one will want you to stay.
6. Some incidents happened in Foo  
Which caused all the Powers to protest,  
But the Bland Little Men of the East  
Apologised quickly when pressed.



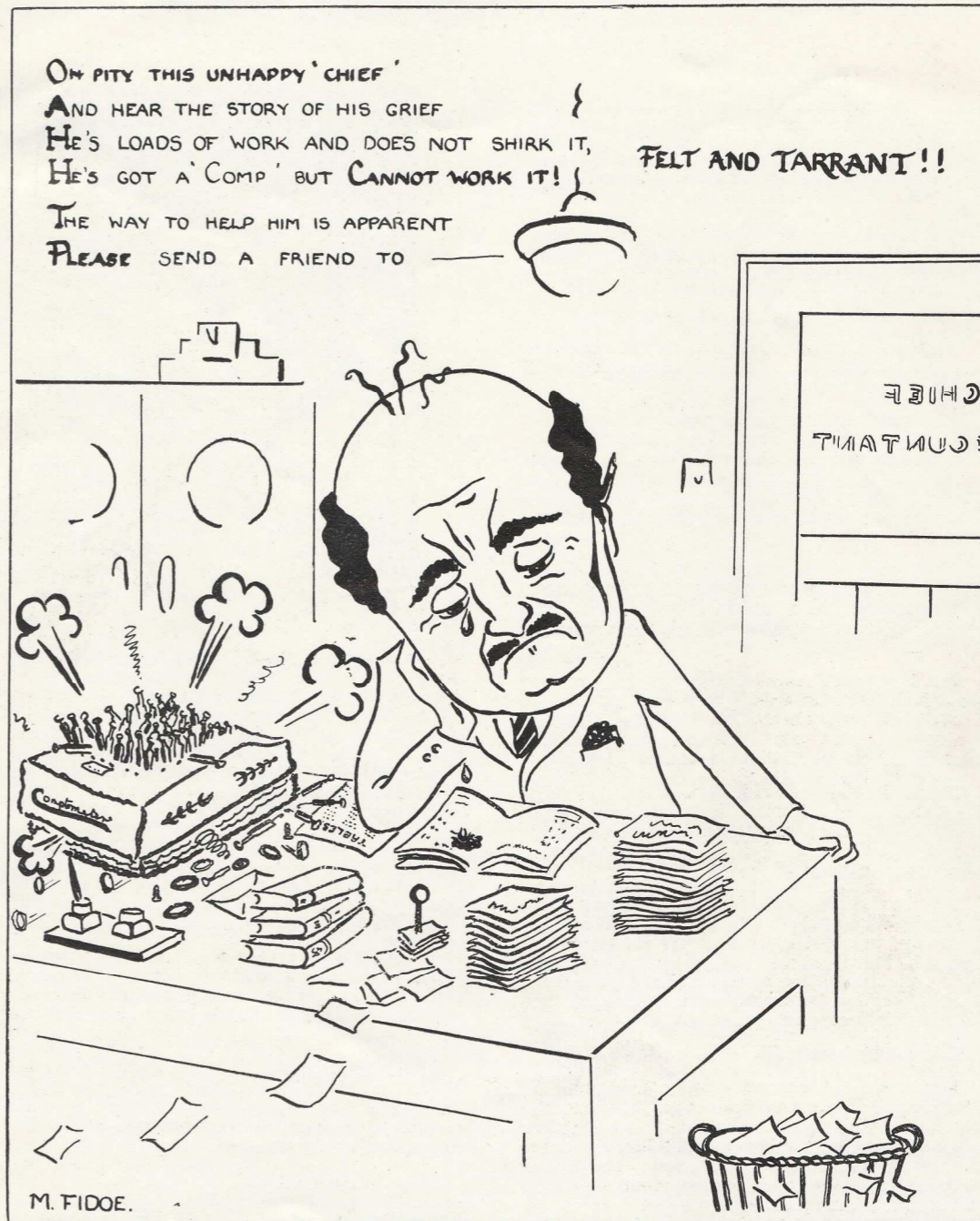
" Technical Itch "



" SOS—if not SOSage "

7. Two Dictators went out for the night,  
But they got the surprise of their lives  
When they went home a little bit tight  
And were "bull"ied and "cow"ed by  
their wives.
8. Miss Goofy, the star of the films,  
Left Croydon this morning at three  
To fly to the Cape and return  
In time for her afternoon tea.
9. The Stock Exchange seems rather scared  
'Cos a member was blowing his nose;  
There were shocks on the stairs of the House  
As the stocks and the shares fell and rose.
10. Our announcer went out on the spree  
And slept with some ants in a ditch,  
And what with the ants and a flea  
He now has a technical itch.
11. Fat cows have been on the Hay Diet,  
And pigs, fully-dressed, are dead-weight;  
But eggs have made many "long scores,"  
And chickens look best on a plate.
12. And talking of tripe—I could read  
Till the end of the day and beyond,  
But some chamber stuff's due to begin  
And I'm stepping out with a blonde. K.

# UNHAPPY CHIEF



PLEASE TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

Short Story

# The Rebound or Mugs for Luck

by Mark Hellinger

THE old woman sat and rocked herself. The chair creaked rhythmically. Now and then she glanced away from the window. Through the rooms, she could see the stove in the kitchen. The potatoes were on. Dad would be home soon.

The woman rocked back and forth to manufacture a breeze. There was no breeze. There was very little air. Only a smell. A smell of hot petrol fumes and the rotting of old wooden buildings.

The woman knew, of course, that the sun was shining somewhere. She was acquainted with the sun—by memory.

This woman felt no pity for herself. For Dad, yes. That was different. Dad worked hard. Dad sweated in the shop all day. Dad came home tired. Half the time he looked ill. So Mums gave no thought to herself. If she had it to do over again, she'd marry Dad. Without hesitation. Gladly.

When they were young it had been easier. Dad worked hard and talked about the future. About money, and a home in the country. And maybe a horse and trap for their own private use.

But they were now young no longer, and Dad hadn't done well. Dad had no nerve. Other men went ahead, but Dad was afraid of his own shadow. He worked harder than any man in the shop. But he asked for nothing.

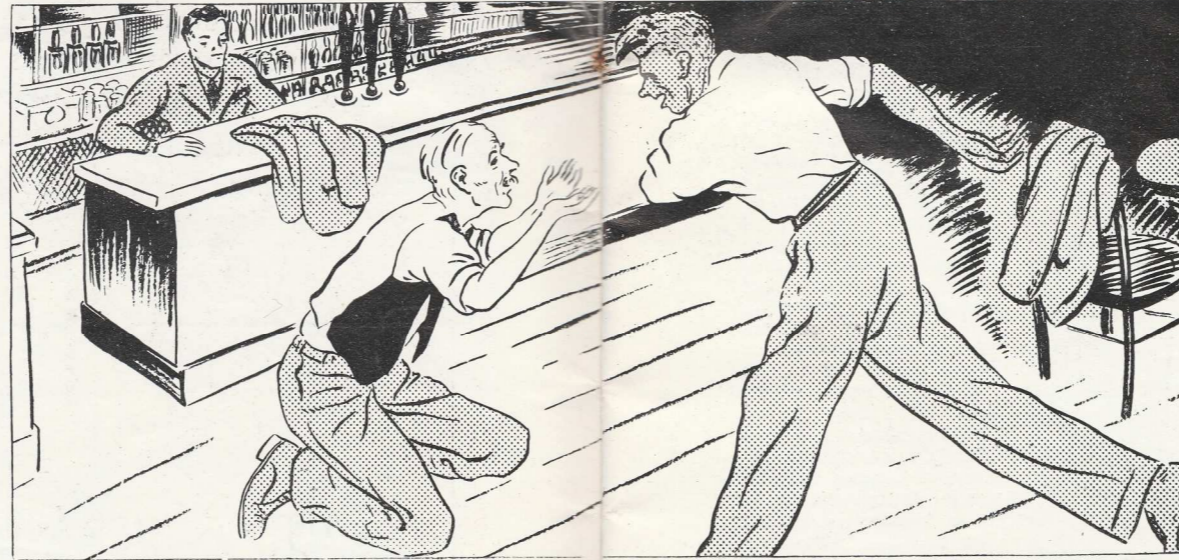
There had been children. Two of them. Eric and Mary. Named for Dad and Mums. Beautiful blonde kids. Dad and Mums knew that the children would always be very near and very dear to them.

But who could tell in advance about those things? Who could tell that these babies would grow up, and get married, and go away, and forget? Mary wrote sometimes. Once, she sent a picture of her babies. Mums placed the picture on her dressing-table. At night, she kissed it before going to bed.

Eric never wrote at all. . . .

Mums was still dreaming when Dad came in. Dad was a little man with tired eyes. He generally carried a worried expression, but to-night something must have happened. Dad came into the dingy room and he danced! He picked Mums up and swung her around, almost upsetting the chair. Mums pushed him away.

"You gone crazy, maybe," she cried. "The heat isn't bad enough?"



Dad grinned. He talked rapidly.

"Wonderful news, Mums. It's the office. They gave me a rise to-day. Ten shillings! But wait. It goes backwards. Retro—retroaction or something they call it. Thirteen weeks it goes backward. Look!" He displayed six pounds and ten shillings. "You know what this means, Mums?" Mums shook her head. She was speechless. Dad drew himself up like a millionaire.

"It means I'm taking my best girl to the country for one week. We go away from the noise and the heat for one whole week. We go out to the country far away. On a farm, maybe. We sleep late in the morning and hear the birds wake us up. We go . . ."

But Mums was already sobbing. Dad put his arms around her and made clucking, consoling sounds. In the kitchen the potatoes boiled over . . .

Dad never drank. But that night he allowed himself a drink. He walked some streets from home, and then strolled into a tavern. He knew nobody at the bar, and nobody knew him. But he couldn't refrain from bragging.

After all these years, he was going to take Mums to the country. And the whole world had to hear about it. He told the good news to the man who stood next to him, and the man smiled sympathetically.

"I don't know who you are," he murmured, "but allow me to congratulate you. I can see that you're an honest man; a man of sense."

Dad was pleased. Dad asked the man to have a drink. The man refused politely, but insisted on buying Dad a drink. Dad toasted Mums' health. He had never felt happier.

The man talked of politics, and ungrateful children, and the condition of the world. Then he talked of money. He used big words, and Dad listened open-mouthed.

"If you were wise, my friend," the man said, "you would not stand still with six pounds ten. You can give your wife two weeks—a month, perhaps—in the country. Because I am in a position to do you a good turn."

"A good turn?" Dad gulped. "But what . . ."

"It's a race," the man went on evenly. "A fixed race on a small course. Ordinarily, I would not bet on horses. But this one is a sure thing. You can't lose."

Dad shook his head vehemently. "Horse racing is not for me. I am not a gambler. Mums will go to the country for one week."

The stranger continued to smile. He continued to buy drinks. And it wasn't long before Dad handed over the money and begged the man please to be careful.

The stranger told Dad to come around tomorrow and collect. And Dad went home. Frightened. . . .

The next evening, at six o'clock, Dad walked into the bar. He smiled pathetically as he walked up to the stranger. But the stranger wasn't affable. He sat at a table in his shirt-sleeves and moved his coat from the back of a chair so that Dad wouldn't crease it. Dad threw his coat on the table and begged for news.

"The horse lost," the man grunted. "Came in fifth."

Dad looked ashen and very old. He clasped his hands. He began to plead.

"Please, mister. Please, for my wife, lend me my money back. She doesn't know I made a bet. It will kill her now if we don't go to the country. You don't know what this means to her. I will sign a note, with interest. Please, mister, I will do anything. Only give me the money."

The man tried to dismiss Dad. Dad wouldn't go. He continued to plead, and the man slapped him with his open hand. It did no good. The old man was hysterical. He begged like a child. He tried to get down on his creaking knees. He fell over.

"Hey, George," the man said to the bartender, "this old fellow's getting on my nerves. Get him out of this."

George came out from behind the bar. He stuffed the coat into the old man's arms, and then tossed him out into the street. Dad tried to return, and the bartender barely missed him with a swift kick.

Dad gave up. He stumbled away and disappeared. . . .

A few minutes later, the bartender helped himself to a drink.

"Funny about that old fellow," he mused. "He didn't know when he was licked. Well, he knows it now. He's one mutt that won't come in here again."

The other man stood up, and chuckled, as he prepared to leave.

"You said it," he grinned. "A mutt like that . . ."

He stopped abruptly. Then came a mighty howl.

"You worm!" he bellowed. "You can bet he won't be around here again. You gave him my coat by mistake, and I had over £50 in it!"

The End.

# Beauty Contests Again

IN our last two issues we printed photographs of two Comptometer Operators, Miss Olive Carpenter and Miss Rosemarie Walker, respectively winner and a finalist of the big Beauty Contest organised by ABC Cinemas and the "Daily Sketch."

Now we learn that yet another Operator was also a finalist in the same competition. Miss Marjorie Etheridge, the charming young lady in question, attended the Birmingham Comptometer School in 1931 when she was fourteen years old, and is now employed as a Comptometer Operator by a large firm of motor manufacturers in Birmingham.

After her first taste of victory, Miss Etheridge entered for the "Evening Despatch" Contest in 1937 and out of thousands of competitors, she was finally chosen as one of



Miss Marjorie Etheridge

the six required to represent the Midlands. Through this Miss Etheridge enjoyed an excellent week's holiday in Skegness (good old Skeggy to its friends) and took part in the Carnival with the "Six Miss Midlands."

With charm and beauty like hers, Miss Etheridge was not content to sit back on past laurels so she entered for the Birmingham University Carnival Contest last October and, out of a large number of contestants, was chosen as Maid of Honour to the Carnival Queen which kept her busy in the name of charity for a full month. It is very obvious now, of course, why so many young men wish to go to this well known University—if they only knew the real facts, they might go to Comptometer Schools instead—what?

## THE "QUEEN" AND THE SURGEON

Mention of Miss Olive Carpenter above reminds us that this young lady was unfortunately involved in a car crash and had to have seven stitches in her lip and four in her chin. We were delighted to read in the Newspapers, however, that all traces of her injuries have disappeared, thanks to the surgeon's skill.

Miss Carpenter recently underwent a film test in London, and it was so successful that her "picture" has been sent to Hollywood for consideration.

## REPAIR DIFFICULTIES ON THE GOLD COAST

Here is a letter exactly as received from a trier in Accra:—  
"Dear Sir,

This serves to inform you that I am a trained repairer of TYPEWRITERS and COUNTOMETERS. It is with deep regret, I have to inform that I sometimes meet with utter failure, in this respect.

I would like to take courses with you, should you desire to put me up, I shall be pleased to receive the DAIGRAM, the parts, necessary in its repairs.

Kindly let me know the charge in this connection per the return mail.

Yours truly,"

We are afraid that a DAIGRAM, or a NIGHT-GRAM either, wouldn't help him very much.

## LET'S BE CHEERFUL

If all the seas were made of beer, and all the land were cheese,  
And lobsters grew, already cooked, like leaves upon the trees;  
If banknotes fell instead of rain, and all the grass were gold,  
And summer days were not too hot, nor winter ones too cold;  
If houses sprouted in the night, and landlord's rents were nil,  
And everyone were full of vim and no one ever ill;  
If fowls laid ninety eggs a day, and work were not for men,  
And everybody lived to be three thousand years and ten;  
If every girl had ninety hats, and none of them alike,  
And every boy possessed a Rolls—instead of just a "bike";  
If every man had thirty wives, and all of them were dumb,  
And diamonds grew like hazel nuts, while cows provided rum;  
Ah, well! t'would be a merry world—but some perverted owl,  
Some pessimistic bally fool would find some cause to growl!

W.R.M.

# The Coming of Ye Komptometer

THE COMING OF YE KOMPTOMETER being ye Chronicle of an Historic Happening, as hewn out by our Prehistoric Contributor.

NOW VERILY did it come to passe that amongst ye folk of ye office Staffe there fell a Great Hush, and those that husheth did forthwyth sitte uppe and take notice! For ye powers had decreed to all and sundrie that a Komptometer was about to make its appearance in ye Business. And lo! ye Hush was transformed into a mightie upheaval and did cause much clacking of ye tongue. "Gadzooks" quoth ye Staffe (amongst other things) "What is a Komptometer, and how shall we combat this Unknown Monster?" For it was remembered there had been Divers Excitement before: Overtyme; Bad Debts and ye Slump, to wit, but never a Komptometer.

Some there were who looked wise as though they KNEW, and some said MUCH—but were taken no notice of. Ye Wise Folk, who were not so green as c-b-a-e- lookyng did wait for ye further Proclamation from ye Powers. And at last ye Great Day arrived when it was announced that ye Komp. was due to arrive at any time, and that ye so-called Monster was indeed nothing to fear, but was in sooth a Machine to supplant ye ancient bogeys of Quills and Parchments. "For" said ye powers, "we have Noted with sorrow those furrowed brows and heavy eyes. Ye coming of ye Komp. will mean we shall have to brass up many sheckles, but we shall get these back through Inkreased Efficency, and ye comely wenches and Marcel-waved young tribesmen will have more time to trippe ye light fantastick, or take part in other barbaric amusements. So that when ye Sun rises, ye will all come here to WORK with light hearts and eagerness for Business."

Voice on 'phone: "I want one room for to-night please. The name is Lumsden."

Hotel Clerk: "How do you spell it?"

Voice: "L. for Lizzie, U. for Uriah, M. for Milly, S. for Sam, D. for Dick, E. for Edith and N. for Nurse."

Hotel Clerk: "Heavens above, are they ALL coming?"

Cockney (boasting): "Some parts of London are so fertile that, if you drop an acorn in your garden at night, next morning up comes an oak tree."

Yorkshireman: "And some parts of Yorkshire are so fertile that, if you drop a dead cat in your garden at night, next morning up comes a sanitary inspector."

"Odds Fish!" exclaimed ye Staffe (male) whilst quaffing their evening hops, "What can this Miracle be?" And lo! in ye morning they saw, and, having seen, were even more amazed. For ye Komp. machine, without fusse or bother, produced figures so correct that even ye comely damsels were jealous. But ye Dismal Jimmies lifted up their hands in dismay and wailed: "Woe unto us; this Thing is a Curse. It will do us out of our Jobs and we shall be seeking our bread from cave to cave." Ye Office Staffe laughed them to scorn and vied with each other to see who could become Efficent first... which made ye powers smile a big smile.

And, Behold! with ye coming of ye Komp. much more work is done, ye Staffe and ye Profits have increased and ye powers have shown by their Wisdom that ye days of Slumps and Depressions are indeed Things of Ye Past.

So, with ye nightlie rising of ye Lunar Crescent there is much peace and sweet content in ye Business World....

J. E. Eversden.



HAPPY DAYS.

NORA KENT.

Yes, holidays are just ahead, so here's our wish to you all

# The "Spell" of Success

BY THE WELL - KNOWN

"COMP-PAIR" W.H.N. & K.F.J.



**C**LARA was cute and far-seeing,  
And when she decided on biz,  
She made up her mind to be expert  
With an expert's wage—Gee Whizz !  
Now Clara works a Compt !

**O**LIVE was rather older,  
She'd been in a job or two.  
But they seemed to lead just nowhere  
So she thought " This'll never do !"  
Now Olive works a Compt !

**M**AUDE was a milliner's daughter,  
No ! it isn't the rhyme **you** know :  
She'd seen quite enough of stitching—  
Preferred to add figures than sew :  
Now Maudie works a Compt !

**P**EGGY stayed home for a while  
'Cos at business she felt defeated,  
Then she heard of Comptometer Schools  
And quickly the whole course completed :  
Now Peggy works a Compt !

**T**ESSA was told by her teacher  
When leaving the secondary school,  
" Choose a specialised job in an office—  
Specialise—that's the great rule " :  
Now Tessa works a Compt !

**O**LGA was rather careful,  
She wanted a job that was sure,  
She had friends who had not been promoted  
As their business training was poor :  
Now Olga works a Compt !



**M**ARY had two big sisters  
Who had tripped off to work for years,  
With regular rises all the while  
And nothing to rouse their fears :  
Now Mary works a Compt !

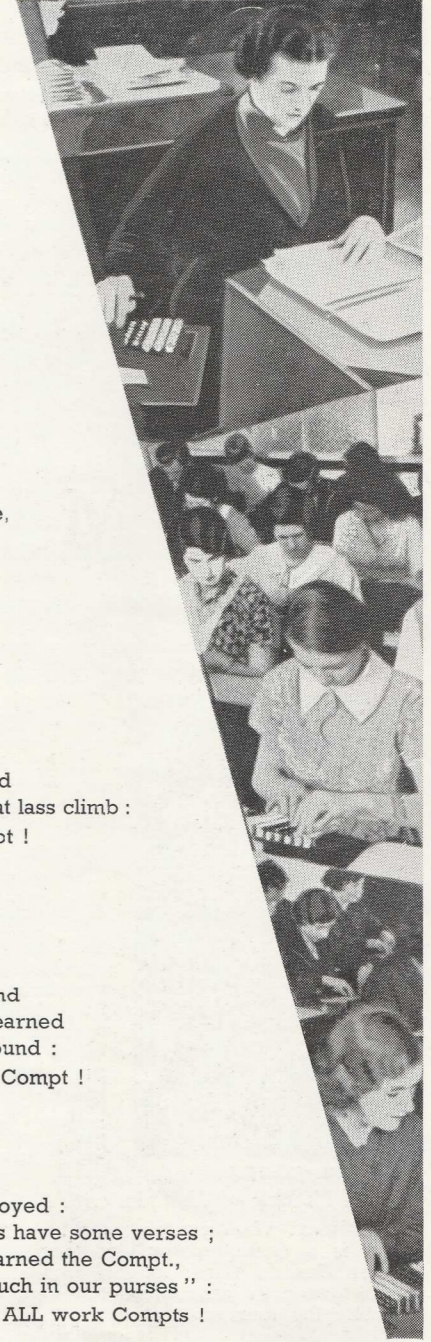
**E**THEL was very ambitious  
She meant to get out of the groove.  
She studied the Compt. with devotion  
And say, how that girl could move :  
Now Ethel works a Compt !

**T**ILLY took care with her training  
Which she heard all her friends advise,  
" I cannot afford to ignore them—  
'Twould be silly," said Tilly the wise :  
Now Tilly works a Compt !

**E**VA entered the classes  
Just as a kind of a pastime,  
But the joy of it entered her blood  
And Oh ! you should just see that lass climb :  
Now Eva works a Compt !

**R**ITA invested some savings  
In training, and quickly found  
That the extra shekels she earned  
Soon put her in profit all round :  
Now Rita works a Compt !

**S**YDNEY got rather annoyed :  
He said " Let the males have some verses ;  
Since I and my pals learned the Compt.,  
We've put twice as much in our purses " :  
So now they ALL work Compts !



# What Happ--ens in London

## MORE GROWING PAINS

For the third time in the last two years we have added more space to our London School and General Offices.

A large corner of the seventh floor has been added to the School, and the Firm's Section, still headed by Mrs. Coote, is now in its own large room. This has also enabled us to add a waiting-room and comfortable rest-room (easily recognised by the large red cross on the doors). The space formerly occupied by Mrs. Coote has been partitioned off to form a room for our School Principal, Mrs. Darby, and a

waiting room for parents.

This has enabled us to bring together all the following sections and we mention them for the guidance of the many operators who visit us:

- Main School
- School Principal's Room
- School Waiting Rooms
- Customers' Service School
- Rest Room
- Finishing School
- Employment Bureau (Miss Maunder)
- Room for testing operators (Miss Maunder)

## MORE GOOD WORK BY COMPTOMETER OPERATORS

Hats off to one of our recent pupils, Miss Lily R. Cornford, who produces a Pantomime every Christmas to entertain the poor children of the East End of London. Many of the performers are also poor, but the standard of acting is high and they make all their own costumes. They are all girls.



that the show runs, and Miss Cornford tells us what a thrill it is to hold so many children spell-bound for a few hours. One of their productions is pictured here.

Work like this that brings sunshine into other people's lives is

Over a thousand kiddies and many grown-ups are entertained during the three or four nights

worthy of the highest praise, but Miss Cornford and her fellow-workers no doubt get their reward in the happy smiles and shouts of the youngsters.

## LONDON OPERATOR IN THE EMPIRE GAMES



Miss Ethel Raby

Miss D. Norman of Australia with 19 ft.

Miss Raby, who also competed in hurdles and relay, is a Comptometer Operator at Messrs. London Electric Wire Co. and Smiths, Ltd., by whose generous arrangement she was enabled to make the four months' tour. Their Hockey

Our photograph shows Miss Ethel Raby who had the distinction to represent England in the recent Empire Games at Sydney.

Miss Raby has been Long Jump Champion of England three times successively, and upheld her reputation at Sydney with a jump of 18' 6 1/2" which broke the previous Games record by more than 7 inches, but just failed to give her First Place, this honour going to

Section, of which Miss Raby is Honorary Secretary, have badly missed her.

## NEAT "KNITS"

At a time when girls are purloining cups and medals in so many new spheres, mainly athletic, it is gratifying to learn that the older feminine hobbies are not being entirely neglected — or left to the menfolk. Here is Miss Edna Stokes for example, who won the first prize three years in succession for the best Knitted Garment at the West Grinstead, Shipley & Coolham Show, thus obtaining the Silver Cup. The large cup and medal were awarded for efficiency at School. Miss Stokes will, no doubt, soon be earning new laurels as an operator.



Miss Edna Stokes

## LONDON'S 'BUSES'

All Londoners know that fixed stopping places for 'buses have now been introduced in the Central London Area.

Do you know, however, that elaborate timing is constantly being carried out by special inspectors who ride on 'buses actually in service? Their duty is to take note by stop-watch of:

1. Actual running time between different points.
2. Time picking up and setting down passengers.
3. Time at traffic stops, traffic light stops and pedestrian crossings.
4. Any other delays.
5. Effect of gradients, curves, repairing and even lighting.

Some 9,000 trips are made every year for these timing tests and the whole of the detailed time-schedules are worked out and accumulated on a 12-column Supertotalizer Comptometer

## WHAT'S IT WORTH?

We appreciate loyalty! We also let ourselves fall for flattery. But how's this for sheer unadulterated praise?

We asked the London School to send in their contributions for this Issue (meaning articles and drawings, of course), and one pupil cheerfully brought a P.O. for 2s. and said she hoped it wasn't too late.



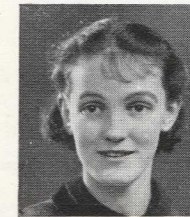
Irene Andrews



Christine Hearn



Winifred Rackham



Margaret Wooldridge



Lily Duffell



Lilian Lambert



Evelyn Goater



Doris Evans



Irene Simons

## SOME RECENT LONDON PUPILS

### THE WORLD OVER

Good Luck to Mrs. Nixon who has left her London job to join her husband in India.

Miss Sandison, who came from Australia for a holiday, decided to enter the School and has now returned to Sydney with the Comptometer Ring and Diploma.

Miss Vincent has returned to South Africa after spending six months in London, during which time we placed her in temporary posts. Miss Moss has gone to South Africa for a holiday trip. We hope she will give us all the news when she comes back.

### HELLO, TWINS!

Miss Winifred Purdy (now Mrs. Jaggars) who contributed "Comptometer School Alphabet" to our Spring Issue last year, is the proud Mother of delightful twin boys, Anthony and Douglas. They will surely have mathematical minds after their Mother's seven years' Comptometer experience.

### "THERE'S HAIR"

used to be a popular cry in the old days, and there was also a belief in pre-war times that a woman's crowning glory was her hair. There is not so much to make a crown with now-a-days, but we congratulate Miss Yvonne Burnett on having such a wealth of material, although the picture cannot show you the rich auburn colour. The time may come again (such is fashion's cycle) when it will



Yvonne Burnett  
(Just 16 years old)

be the aim of every woman to have her hair so long that she can sit on it!

A bee's sting is 1/32ND of an inch long—the other two feet is imagination.



FRIENDLY FACES AND



Constance Sumner



Kathleen McCluney



Margaret Gilmore



H. McGregor



Doreen Richardson



Vera Kitchener



Margaret Devonald



Joan Turner



Dorothy Snowdon



Gladys Bradbury



T. Taylor



COMPTOMETER OPERATORS IN "WILD VIOLETS"

The Blackfriars Society, affiliated to the Unilever Club, this year gave a very lively production of "Wild Violets." As many as nine Comptometer Operators took part in this successful show, their names being as follows: Miss Carr, Miss Berner, Miss Tournay, Miss B. M. Brown, Miss Williams, Miss Callaway, Miss Burt, Miss Meade, Miss F. Gaches. The first four took principal parts and the others were in the Chorus.



Barbara Healey



Robert Sinclair



Maureen Hull



Doreen Ward



Edna Hewitson



Una O'Kane



Dorothy Whitehead



Nora Kent



Helena Winnington



Joan Parkin

PLEASANT PLACES



Florence Bishop



Margaret Dale



Olive Smart



E. Hall



J. Farrell



D. E. Gardham



Dora Renton



M. Harvey



Margery Elms



Evelyn Sandison



Gwen Barber



Bessie Conway

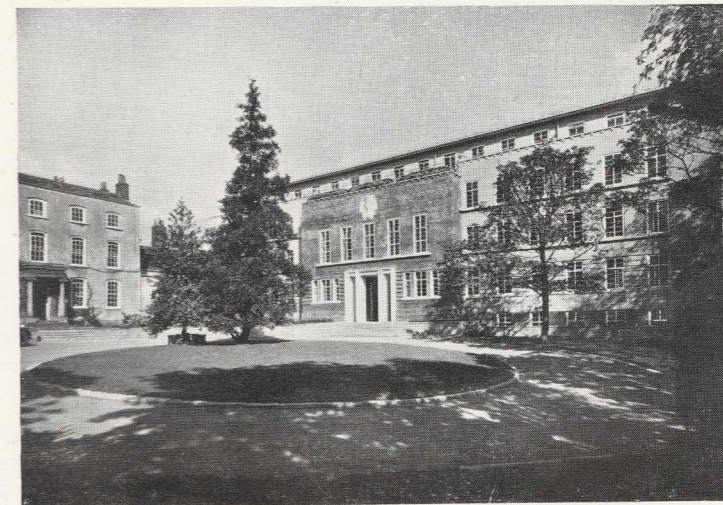


Irene P. Mullett



Walter Cousins

THE OLD AND THE NEW



BRISTOL AEROPLANE Co., Ltd.

Here is an example of modern offices which have happily retained the beauty and peaceful dignity of their surroundings. The old Headquarters are seen on the left.



Freda Cole



Margaret Carrigan



Eva Kidder



Violet Mullord



Joan Laskey



M. Bird



Mary Dunkerley



GLASGOW

EDINBURGH

**SCOTTISH AREA**

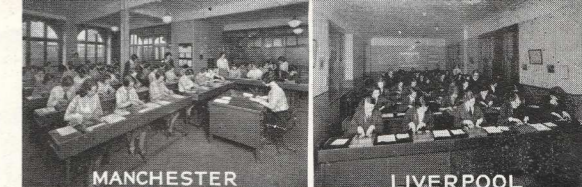
"Our Daughter solved for us our problem of deciding what she would do. Several of her school friends were enthusiastic about their Comptometer School so she persuaded us to let her take the Course. The result has more than satisfied us that she was right."

# Our Daughter's Career

AND WHY WE DECIDED TO SEND HER

TO ONE OF THE

*Comptometer Training Schools*  
for Operators in the British Isles

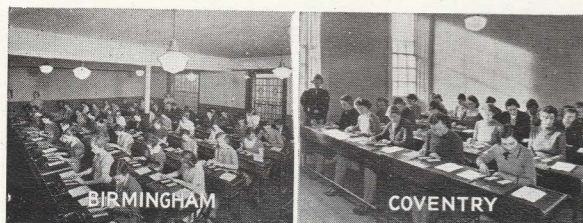


MANCHESTER

LIVERPOOL

**LANCASHIRE AREA**

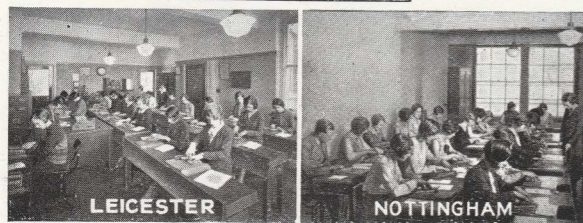
"My eldest daughter became a Comptometer Operator ten years ago, and had a happy business life; my second and third daughters followed her example and are in good positions, so I have enrolled my youngest daughter who leaves school this summer."



BIRMINGHAM

COVENTRY

**MIDLANDS AREA**



LEICESTER

NOTTINGHAM

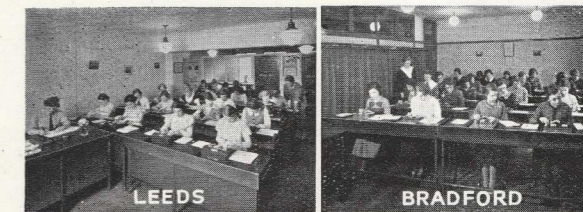
"I dreaded the idea of my daughter leading the usual humdrum clerk's life. I spoke to her Head Mistress, who suggested a Course in your Comptometer School. I hesitated no longer and made arrangements for my girl to become a pupil. The results have surpassed even my wildest dreams."



LONDON

**LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES AREA**

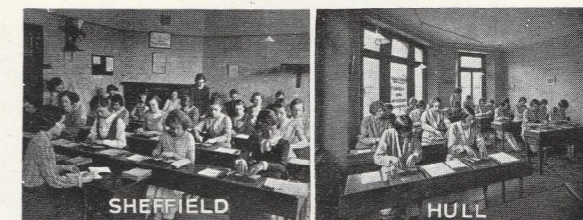
"I was a Comptometer Operator myself before I was married and, knowing the opportunities for advancement, no other career was even considered for my own daughter. I am glad to say she is extremely happy as an Operator and already doing much better financially than her old school friends in other spheres."



LEEDS

BRADFORD

**YORKSHIRE AREA**



SHEFFIELD

HULL

"My own experience as an ordinary clerk in an office was heart breaking and I determined to give my own daughter a much better business chance. A friend then told me about Comptometer Training and I am now very thankful that she did, as my daughter has since made truly wonderful progress."

**WHAT PARENTS THINK**

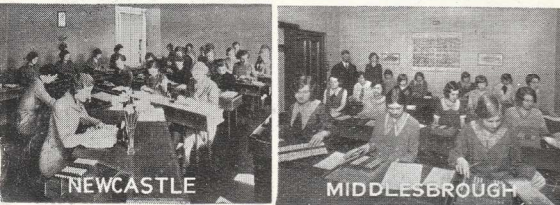
In our last Issue we invited several former students to reply to the question "Why I Became An Operator" and some very interesting replies were published.

Becoming still more curious, the Editor began to wonder what parents thought about it all, and therefore took the shortest way of finding out by asking some of them.

Extracts from their replies are shown on this page, and they bear out in a remarkable way the opinions already expressed by the younger generation.

**TYNE - TEES AREA**

"As a widow, in rather difficult circumstances, I was concerned about the financial side of my daughter's career. Many friends told me to investigate your School and now my daughter is helping me far more than I ever thought possible."



NEWCASTLE

MIDDLESBROUGH

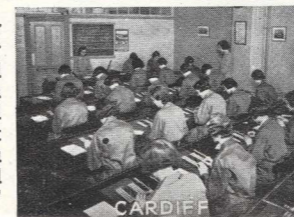
**WEST COUNTRY**



BRISTOL

"For years I planned to make my daughter a Comptometer Operator, though I worried because she was backward with arithmetic at School. She found however, that she needed just ordinary sense, and now, as you know, she is making exceptional progress with her firm."

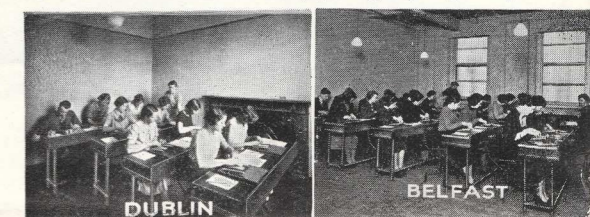
**SOUTH WALES**



CARDIFF

**EIRE & NORTH IRELAND**

"My elder daughter spent 18 months at a shorthand and typewriting school and was then only able to earn a very small salary, so that when a friend told me how well his daughter was doing as a Comptometer Operator, I decided to let my younger daughter join."



DUBLIN

BELFAST

## French "News"

### "CHÈRES COMPTOMÉTRICES."

THAT is how Mlle. Denise Cornu, of Paris, begins her letter of goodwill to British Comptometer Operators. So you can add "Comptométrice" (meaning Comptometer Operator) to your French vocabulary (if any).



Mlle. Denise Cornu  
(Paris)

The letter goes on to describe conditions in France, which are very similar to those enjoyed by operators in this Country, namely, a pleasant and interesting course in the School, good salaries afterwards and an assured future.

Mlle. Cornu also says, (in FRENCH, of course):

"How lovely it would be to have some of our colleagues in the United Kingdom come and visit us this coming Summer, so that we, the Comptometer Operators in Paris, may be able to guide them and show them our beautiful Town. Paris, we know, offers not only to Great Britain, but also to the rest of the World, a great attraction, and we, as women, find that there is only Paris which satisfies our constant desire for better dresses, hats, and other fineries."

Oh la, la!—I think we could give our gallant French lady a few surprises in London when it comes to "fineries," and she would perhaps agree that London is a serious competitor with Paris now-a-days.

But apart from National pride and all that, we must thank Mlle. Cornu for her kind offer to welcome any British Operators and we heartily reciprocate her invitation and her warm greetings.

Incidentally, we have also received another bright issue of the French Comptometer News. This is full of snappy snaps, versatile verses and pithy paragraphs, and we congratulate the producers.

So "Vive L'Entente Cordiale"—which is just to show that we know a spot or two of French.

Teacher: "Why are you late?"

Pupil: "Daddy gave me a pair of new boots and forgot to cut the string."

Clapham: "Thish match won't light."

Dwyer: "Washa madda with it?"

Clapham: "Dunno—it lit all right lash time."

The little girl was lost in a big Department Store. At last she found a shop-walker and said tearfully:

"Please mister have you seen a lady walking about wiv'out me?"

## The Moon is Bunk

WHY must they howl for the moon?  
Why must the crooners croon?  
They moan like a crazy loon;  
They bleat like a lovelorn coon;  
The cads even rhyme "moon" and "tune."  
Oh! I wish they would perish or swoon,  
Or be slain by a poisoned prune,  
And that someone would bury them soon  
Where they'd never again see the moon.

For when all is done and said  
The moon is cold and dead,  
And its wretched light is shed  
When we ought to be warm in bed.  
How many romances have fled  
Because of a cold in the head?  
Or a nose that goes purple and red?  
Too long by the moon we've been fed  
So I give you a new song instead.

'Tis a song of melodious June  
And the sun shining gaily at noon;  
There's a carpet of grass to my shoon  
With a blackbird to warble his rune;  
And there will I ramble or spoon  
With the warmth all around like a boon,  
And never a crooning buffoon  
Or a moonstruck and jazz-filled saloon. . . .  
Bah! To blazes with songs of the moon!

K.



Drawn by Mary Prior  
"Old Faithful"

## Birmingham & Coventry



Miss C. Rowley  
Head Operator at Walsall  
Conduits, Ltd., West Brom-  
wich for nearly 12 years.  
Married to Mr. M. J. S. Ayres  
of Birmingham

as our Friday evening Ping - Pong (Table Tennis in the best circles—ED.), had to be subtracted out of existence owing to the large number of other engagements of the interested Operators.

### MULTIPLICATION

Wonderful multiplication! Take January as an example. Over 150 pupils on the School Register. Practically 200 married Operators all engaged helping firms with stock sheets and other work. Records made for number of Operators placed in progressive positions. Records made for number of pupils winning Diplomas. Evening Class records—and so on. We nearly wrote gramophone records, but these were all used up at the staff party on last Christmas Eve! Seriously though, the more we multiply, the more scope there is for pupils and pupils and pupils, so please do not forget to send your friends to see Miss Linforth at the School.



Lavinia Carter

ADDITION. And 'sum' addition too! A fine new school to take thirty pupils; our charming and efficient Teacher, Miss Peggy Oakley, in charge, a full Mechanics' service in every respect—what more could the progressive city of Coventry require? Well, anyhow, there it is all settled in at No. 11, Priory Row (telephone Coventry 4806) and local Operators are invited to call and see Miss Oakley at any time.

SUBTRACTION. Yes, unfortunately, we must even use this heading



This shows the Comptometer Training School for Operators which has been opened at Coventry

DIVISION. But we only

divided after each dance to go back to our seat and chat and laugh till our good friends, Wally Dewar and his boys commenced the next piece. Both shows on December 3rd and March 4th were a huge success in every way. We kept attendance down to the five hundred mark so that the floor was just right and comfortable for the dancers. Once again Mr. N. O. Davies of the Sales Staff took charge of the microphone and thoroughly deserved the vote of thanks passed him at the end of both evenings. The prizes were



Miss A. M. Smith  
Operator at Thos.  
Bolton and Sons, Ltd.,  
for 6 years. Married to  
Mr. H. E. Varley at  
Cheadle, Staffs.

more valuable and numerous than ever and we have to thank our esteemed friend, Mr. W. B. Lane, for his kindness in presenting tickets for a Pantomime show to a lucky couple in an extra spot dance.

BIRMINGHAM "COMPGRATULATIONS." Betty Crisp and Josephine Griffiths for gaining 100% Diplomas. Twenty-four pupils for gaining Diplomas and/or rings.

Joan Plant, Dorothy Carter and Hazel Gilbert for swimming successes.

Myra Davies for tennis, Dorothy Rutledge for first aid, Joan Turner for music and Margaret Reid for running.

Miss Linforth (Head Teacher) on her engagement to Mr. W. Bailey.

Miss Mannering (Assistant Teacher) on her engagement to Mr. N. Battle.

Miss Dallow (Head Demonstrator) on her engagement to Mr. R. Bate.



E. M. Attwood

# Manchester Menu

WE all know that "Manchester Matters," but what matters most to Manchester? From observing our operators generally, we think we have formed a very good idea—Food!!! and so we invite you to the following Literary Luncheon.

## "SOUP"

We made great "game" at our Club Dance held at the Plaza in November and it was quite "clear" that the 300 who attended enjoyed themselves immensely. We have distinct recollections of one young man almost turning "turtle" as he was hoisted shoulder high for winning the Elimination Dance. (Please note—no compensation is paid for loss of "Celery" should anyone fail to turn in to business the morning after!) We feel, however, that this did not prevent you from attending our next dance at the "tail" end of March.

## "FISH"

There's a "plaise" and time for everything and the "plaise" for a "skate" is the Ice Palace. The time is 7 p.m. Wednesday Evening—Come along girls, it will warm the "cockles" of your heart. You may "flounder" the first time on the ice, but all you need to do is just "perch" on the rails like a "shrimp" or a "limpet" and sure enough by some "flake" or other you'll find the necessary assistance.

We're not exactly packed like "sardines" in the Schoolroom on Tuesday evenings and there is plenty of room for a few more table tennis enthusiasts. The regulars have a "whale" of a time, but their "soles" "cr(a)y" out for someone "fresh" to conquer—so come along and join in the swim—little fry or big fry, it doesn't matter—everyone is welcome.

Both our hockey teams are going well up to date, but we always like to have a "line" on the "Stars," so if there are any floating about, just allow us to "hook" you. Herewith the Comptometer team "musselling" down to their "bait"—not flapping their fins, no! just standing with their mouths open.

## "JOINT"

The school portion is certainly getting larger and larger and we now "shoulder" almost 100 little



Miss Duncan  
New School Principal

"lambs" (some are and some aren't). A few of them may make a "hash" of things and "grouse" a little at first, but (mi)"steaks" are soon rectified, and as their "skirts" get longer, so their "brains" appreciate that Comptometer Operating is one of the finest professions of to-day, and one they may safely recommend to their friends who "hare" about like "rabbits" searching for a burrow.

The Evening Classes have been extremely popular this Winter, in fact we're full up to the "Neck," so those who have set their heart on getting the Diploma, or revising certain work, would be well advised to book early for next season.

We would like to whisper to those operators who are about to "saddle" themselves with a husband, that temporary work will not only give them a break from doing chores, but will also earn welcome pin money. Send your name and address to us and we will do the rest!

## "SWEETS"

Every success and a hearty welcome to the following new members of our staff.

Miss J. P. Duncan, who, of course, is not unknown amongst operators, was for some time our Demonstrator and has now returned to be "Maid of Honour" in the School.

Miss J. Fielding—who keeps our "dates" in order and sees that nobody "trifles" on the 'phone.

Mr. Lyon—who, we are glad to say, has now got over the stage when he "puffs" and shakes like a "jelly" when approaching a prospect.



Manchester Hockey Team

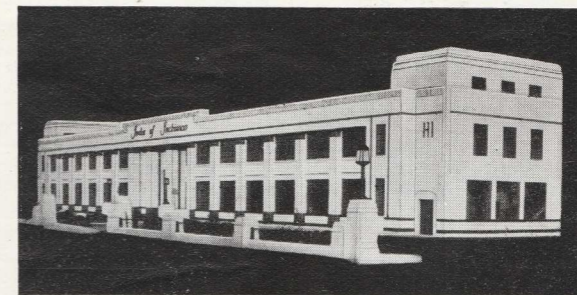
*The little girl ran up to the policeman and said :  
"Please will you come and arrest a nasty man."  
"Why, what's he been doing?"  
"Well," sobbed the little girl, "He's gone and broken my scooter with his horrid motor-bike."  
"Oh, has he?" said the policeman, "and where is he now?"  
"Oh, you'll easily catch him. They've just carried him into that hospital."*

# In Scotland Now

## GLASGOW

### Christmas Party—1937

THIS deserves a patch to itself. We held it, very appropriately, in the hall of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, by the courtesy of that splendid organisation, and about 200 of us had a great evening. It was a complete answer to the suggestion that girls cannot enjoy a party just for girls (only one man was tolerated at this one, and he returned thanks for the concession). We danced, sang community songs, played "daft" games, consumed the eats, drinks and ices and generally forgot the stern realities. We were fortunate to be entertained by Miss Galbraith, a talented elocutionist, and our own team of harmonists headed by Miss Nessie Hughes at a lazy microphone. Our honorary pianists, the Misses Christie and Walker, did much to make the party the success it was. We were lucky in being able to have with us two former members of the Glasgow School Staff, Mrs. J. Hatfield (Isabel Turrull) and Mrs. J. L. Boyd (Sheena Buchanan) to



Here are the factory and offices of the India Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd. at Inchinnan, where the well-known "India" tyres are made. The factory employs over a thousand people, works 24 hours per day, and exports its products to over 60 countries. The various office departments use eight Comptometers

greet their old students and friends. To our great regret, Mrs. Taylor (Jessie Waldie) was unable to join us, but she sent us her good wishes.

To those who were there, we say "See you next Christmas" and to those who were not, we say the same.

### New Hands Come Aboard

We welcome Miss M. I. Crocker who joined the Glasgow Staff recently as a Service operator. Many of you will know Miss Crocker personally and we are sure that you will all like to know her when she calls to see if she can help in any way. We welcome too Mr. D. Mackie who has joined us as a salesman and in whom some of you may discover an old acquaintance.

### Great Days!

May brings the opening of the Exhibition which puts Glasgow in the limelight in 1938, and gives us all a new thrill. We hope that operators from other areas who come to the City will remember that there is a welcome for them at the Glasgow School.

## EDINBURGH

### Plain Gold or Platinum

Since the last issue of the "News" we have to record the marriage of, and convey our heartiest congratulations to, Miss Jean Robertson, Scottish Motor Traction Co., Edinburgh.

### Sparkling Diamond Variety

Congratulations to Miss Margaret Adam, of Falkirk, on her engagement.

Mr. Jack Mitchell, our mechanic, is going about with a very light heart (and lighter pocket) these days. On Christmas Day he became engaged to Miss Enid Braid of Liverpool. We noticed he looked pale, nervous and pre-occupied on December 24th, but concluded he was not feeling too well, or that he had started Christmas Festivities rather early. Now girls, don't waste any more time on Jack.

### Christmas Party.

Although now only a memory, we cannot allow this issue of the "News" to go into print without mentioning this very successful evening.

The School was cleared for the occasion, and some of the games were fast and furious. Mrs. Porteous, Miss Bathgate, Miss Christopher and Miss Wood joined with the girls in the jollity and the evening was voted a great success.

We can always squeeze a few more operators into the party; in fact, if we don't have enough room next time, we can easily arrange to hold it in one of the local halls.

We hear that Miss Christopher and Miss Wood started to play Badminton during the past season. Is this the forerunner to the formation of a Comptometer Badminton Club? Mr. Porteous and Mr. Mitchell are also devotees of this fine Winter Game, and might be persuaded to join a Comptometer Club next Winter. Come on, Badminton Fans, send your names into the School and we can fix up a court for next Winter.

### A New Comptometer Recruit?

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Duncan. Mrs. Duncan (née Miss Jessie Weir) has presented her husband with a fine baby daughter.

### Dundee Evening Class

Miss Laing reports that excellent progress is being made by the pupils here. At the moment we do not consider it likely that another class will be necessary in this District next Winter, but any prospective pupils should write to Edinburgh, and will be advised when another class is being held.

# Round about the Mersey - - and over the Water



Miss O. Mewhorter, Liverpool Service Staff, and always glad to call and see you. Please phone if we can be of any help

## DANCING TIME

ABOUT 150 operators and their friends contributed to our Best Dance Ever at Mecca Cafe, New India Buildings. "Liverpool Symphonics" made the music and there was much fun and many balloons.

## PARTY

Our Christmas Party was held at Palatine Cafe and was a grand "do." There were games and refreshments, of course, and a

play produced by Miss Ida Pringle all about the "Cumbac" Elixir of Life and its surprising effects on two respectable maiden ladies. Excellent cast included Misses Bent, Gilroy, Hadley, Hoey, L. Jones and Langford. Miss Yvonne Hawkins and Partner delighted us with clever dancing, and acrobatics; Miss Williams, a pupil, wrote and performed, with partner, a humorous sketch; Miss Dennison sang popular ballads; Mr. Bennett, and his colleagues in the Repair Department, gave us his own play "The Comptometer School as It Might Be." Thanks to all the above, and to others who helped, and also to Mrs. Maidment for playing the piano for the community singing and dancing which wound up a most enjoyable party.

## PERSONAL

Since our last issue we have had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Joan Lomax from "down under," she having been operating a Comptometer for a number of years in Adelaide, Australia. We hope Miss Lomax will be very happy in her new surroundings.

The latest addition to our teaching staff is Miss Joyce Langford, an expert ju-jitsu exponent who thinks nothing of "throwing" a 16 stone policeman. As Mr. C. Bigelow, the latest recruit to our Repair Department, holds 22 medals for boxing and swimming, we hope these two never agree to differ.

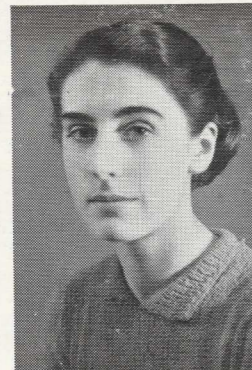
We were sorry to lose the services of Mr. Bernard Danks, who, always a keen territorial, recently responded to Mr. Hore-Belisha's call for more recruits and is now a member of H. M. Forces. We wish him every

success in his new venture.

Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. E. Clegg, who were married on 11th December last. This was a real Comptometer wedding as the bride was formerly Miss Dorothy Clay, operator to the Birkenhead Corporation Audit Department, and her attendants were our Miss Sudders and Miss Eva Gregory, operator with Messrs. John Holt and Co., Ltd. Many of our operators will remember Miss Dorothy Nelson, who was for some time on our staff, and who has just announced her engagement to Mr. W. S. McKay. Hearty congratulations to both of them, also to Miss Millie Tomkins, who left her post as Head Operator to Messrs. The British Can Co., Ltd., to become the bride of Mr. Clifford Russell-Jones, on 16th April.



Miss M. Roberts  
Ring Winner



Miss M. Lightfoot  
Diploma Winner



Miss Joyce Langford  
Liverpool Staff

DUBLIN (Cont. from opposite page)

## DANCES

The dance held in November under the auspices of the Hockey Club was pronounced by about 250 people present the "best ever." At the request of many of those present and others who were, through various causes, unable to attend, another dance was arranged for 18th February, and this was even more successful!

## PARTY

The Hockey Club also staged a very enjoyable Party after Christmas, the purpose for this being to present Mrs. Edward Kennedy (née Miss Vera Murray), the Club's Honorary Secretary, with a silver tea and coffee service on the occasion of her marriage.

## HOLIDAYS

It is at this time of the year we all breathe a sigh of relief in the knowledge that ere long we will be able to relax and take some holidays. Might we suggest that you try Ireland this year? Here you will find the most beautiful scenery in Europe, good hotels, and perfect roads for motoring on. You have no passports or foreign exchange to worry about. So come, and we will give you a Cead Mile Failte, and if you do make the journey, be sure and visit the Dublin Comptometer School, 11, Nassau Street.

## BELFAST.

### HOCKEY CLUB

BELFAST has been behind some of the other schools in forming a hockey team, but now we have got one going and hope before long to be strong enough to arrange a challenge match with our Dublin School. This season we have done very well, having lost only two matches, each by the narrow margin of one goal. Next season we hope to be able to place two teams on the field so those of you who are anxious to join should get in touch with Miss Irwin.

### SWIMMING

We have been asked to form a Swimming Club, so would all operators who are interested please get in touch with the School.

### ANNUAL DANCE

Our dance, which was held in December last, was well patronised and a very jolly evening was spent. Just look at the happy faces in the photo. We were pleased to welcome a number of new friends and, of course, were also delighted to see all our old ones as well.

Mr. Clugston carried out the duties of M.C. in a very efficient manner, and again we were greatly indebted to our staunch friend, Mr. Stewart Whitley. Mr. and Mrs. Rae and Miss Irwin welcomed the guests.



Belfast Comptometer Dance

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

A few days before Christmas the School was changed into a miniature fairyland. Great credit is due to the girls for the wonderful manner in which the decorations were arranged. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten, even to the Christmas Tree.

The party was held on 23rd December, and this allowed the operators who were working in the centre of the city to join us. The



Miss Maureen Hirlily

hard-working girls were invited to come during their lunch hour, and the students acted as hostesses. This plan worked admirably, and between 60 and 70 girls of our Belfast family were drawn together, many of them to meet for the first time. Being operators, they were soon quite friendly. When the fun was at its height, who should drop in but our good friend, Mr. N. M.



Mr. J. Spindlow  
Is he the first Irish Boy to get the Diploma?

Morrison, Manager of the Calculating and Statistical Services, looking for an operator. He joined in the sport but, before leaving, he got his "Man," his choice being one of our male operators, Mr. Jim Spindlow.

### WEDDING BELLS

Before this issue is out Miss Dorothy Bull-och, Head Operator to Electricity Board for Northern Ireland, will have taken on a new job, but we cannot say yet if she will be

"Head." We all join in sending her our very best wishes.

## DUBLIN.

### WEDDINGS

RECENTLY two well known and popular Comptometer Operators have become brides, Miss Vera Murray marrying Mr. Edward Kennedy, and Miss Eva O'Connor becoming Mrs. Lewis. Their many friends throughout Eire will join us in wishing them much happiness in their future life.

### HOCKEY CLUB

We have two teams this season competing in the Leinster Ladies Hockey League. Both teams are doing well. The Club Committee have now under consideration sending a touring team to Northern Ireland or England. We are always anxious for new members, so do write for particulars to our Dublin School. Please mark your envelopes "Re Hockey Club."

(Cont. at foot of opposite page)

# Through the West -- and East Ridings

**LEEDS**

"The time has come" the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things,  
Of shoes and ships and Comp'meters,  
And the "News" the Leeds Club brings.

Following the hard work mentioned in our last issue, further hard work was put in by many members upon the occasion of the "stroll in the country," organised by our energetic (?) Secretary, in company with our friends from Bradford. Further efforts have consisted of an enjoyable dance, held just before Christmas, weekly Table Tennis, and meetings of the Dramatic Society whom we shortly hope to see in action.

The Table Tennis enthusiasts and the Dramatic Society meet at the school every Monday evening, the School being open for this purpose from 6.0 p.m. to 10.0 p.m. There is room for many more members (the subscription is only 2s. 6d. per annum) and every Operator may



M. Sutcliffe



M. Towler

**BRADFORD**

**On Ilkla' Moor**

On November 14th, combined forces from Bradford and Leeds met in Ilkley. We were favoured with good weather, frosty but bright. We walked along the riverside towards Bolton Abbey, entertained with various ditties from members of the party. Our repair staff must have



J. Peachey



F. Stead

**THEY ARE HAPPY IN YORKSHIRE**

special mention because of their crooning. After dining (and incidentally queueing to warm our hands on the tea-pots) we proceeded to Beamsley Beacon, and a little further managed to lose ourselves amongst icy swamps. Eventually we again reached Ilkley, some of the party walking from there over the moors (bah't 'at, of



E. Wood

bring a friend of either sex. Clark Gables and Ronald Colmans are badly needed in the Dramatic Society, and it has been suggested that we should make a film. Now all you budding film stars! Come along next Monday night!

We feel that we must refer to the Christmas activities culminating in the organisation by the



G. Emsley

pupils of a Christmas Party, to which the whole of the staff were invited, and the school looked like a veritable fairyland.

Miss N. Fawcett has joined the Leeds Staff, and is very busy with new pupils. Mr. Donald Howarth has joined the Mechanical Staff.

course) until they reached Bingley, tired and footsore, but still happy. It was a very enjoyable day, and we look forward to more in the near future. Please send in suggestions for routes and dates.

**DANCING**

On December 11th, we held a dance in Driver's Cafe. Spot and elimination prizes were won by lucky trotters. It was a great success, and we intend to hold another, at which we hope to see still more of our operators.

**SWIMMING**

The swimming season is here again. Please join us. The club night is Tuesday, 8 p.m. at the Windsor Baths, and you are assured of a sporting time.

**DO YOU READ THE SCHOOL NOTES ?**  
**IF SO, DO YOU ONLY READ ABOUT YOUR OWN SCHOOL? WHY NOT TRY THEM ALL? YOU WILL FIND QUITE A LOT OF FUN AND INFORMATION IN THEM.**

**SHEFFIELD**

The car goes for some cargoes.

CONTRIBUTIONS not having come in at the expected rate, although the "Comptometer News" is an operators' magazine, we toured round to see the whys and wherefores.

First port of call, somewhere near the Humber, we found five electricians knocking the stuffin' out of a mass of wage and cost figures—photo. herewith—and the rate at which they were working would make some of the picture gallery on Pages 14 and 15 pull up their socks.

Continuing our trip, the old bus started chanting a lament, or at least set up a good accompaniment with sundry knocks, squeaks and rattles. It went something like this:

The "Comptometer News" is an operators' mag.

Contributions from them were to fill the Rag (*Sorry Ed.*).

But woe is me and lack a day

From Sheffield and district there was no way

To fill the allotted space.

Hardly an article, story or verse,

A drawing or joke, be it ever so terse,

Had reached us for this purpose.



No, girls, we're not giving you their addresses



Operatic and Dramatic Society

Operators Bessie Green, Eileen Brown and Jenny Locke had big parts in Brown Bayleys Steel Works' production "San Marino." Filled the house for a week and turned away money. Better take the Empire next year!



British Ropes, Ltd., Doncaster

So out the good old bus we get,

A camera, photographer, and we're all set

To fill the space with pictures.

Here we ran out of juice and the accompaniment stopped, and so did the poetry. (*Who's calling it poetry; I know a lot of better names. ED.*)

Next port of call was at British Ropes, Ltd., Doncaster. Here you see a busy staff engaged on practically all Comptometer operations, including a very good application of peg-board analysis. When one considers that this firm makes anything from skipping ropes and watch spring wire to ropes for the "Queen Mary," and sells the stuff all over the World, there's some analysis.

Off we go again and bump into an operator who asks us what has happened to Jack Coppins, our worthy mechanic, to give him the smile that won't come off. Well, we'll tell you all.

On November 19th, the great Sheffield Office Guessing Competition was decided. Too many guessed right to obtain the prize. Actually, Jack and his wife got just the prize they wanted, a fine boy, and our heartiest good wishes for their happiness.

# To Notts & Leicester

Arrived at the B.A. Collieries, Ltd., we found a brand new office, new desks and some new Comptometers. King Coal is certainly coming into his own at last—here's wishing him luck. At the time of our call we found there three operators from Hull and one from Chesterfield, and understand they were enjoying the change as well as getting added experience.

We've had some good "do's" since we started running Comptometer dances in Sheffield, but the second of the season in December struck the high spot. Unfortunately, owing to the limited capacity of the hall, we had to refuse some late applicants for tickets—we were indeed sorry not to be able to accommodate everybody.

Particular pleasure was in the arrival of a bus



B.A. Collieries Ltd.

party from Appleby Frodingham Steel Co. Scunthorpe. To get a crowd coming forty miles was very encouraging to the promoters.

Did anybody put the time clock out of action overnight?

A return visit was paid by some of the Sheffield Staff on January 21st, to the Comptometers' and Typists' dance at the Old Crosby Hall, Scunthorpe. On the return home in the early hours the smell of coffee at the all-

night café in Doncaster proved too attractive. Finding also that the Tommy Farr-J. Braddock fight was shortly to be on the radio here, we stayed on a bit, but, after three rounds, atmospherics were winning hands down, so we completed the journey to Sheffield. No time clock at the Sheffield office, but all present when the boss turned up.

## LEICESTER.

### IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

The photograph appearing on this page is of Miss Marjorie Wileman, Comptometer operator of the British United Shoe Machinery Co., Ltd., who sailed in November last to South Africa to take up duties as operator in their South African Company, and we hear that she is now enjoying life in her new surroundings. We can appreciate Miss Wileman's surprise when, going home from business in Port Elizabeth, she was approached by a gentleman and asked if she came from Leicester. Apparently this gentleman had also come from Leicester and used to travel on the same bus to business as she did.

Past colleagues of Miss Dyson, operator of Stewarts & Lloyds, Ltd., Corby, who was five years at Coombe's Wood Works, will be pleased to hear of her marriage at Christmas. She was presented by members of the Staff with a case of cutlery.



M. Wileman



Helen Thomson

We welcome Jim A. Connolly to the Repair Staff. Further excitement in this department, our mechanic, Mr. Friswell, is now the proud father of a baby son.

### A TRUE TELEPHONE TALE

Our Employment Department got through on the 'phone the other day to arrange for two operators to be interviewed and the following talk took place:

Employment Dept. "Is Mr. X in?"

Woman's Voice. "No, can I give him any message?"

E.D. "Yes, will you please tell him we are sending him two girls to-day."

W.V. (nastily). "Are you indeed? Just wait till he comes in and I'll jolly soon find out what my old man's been up to this time."

E.D. (tactfully). "Sorry! I'm afraid we must have got the wrong number."



Vera Wild

# Tyne and Tees

## BUSY DAYS

ARE you all right kids? Can we hear you say "O.K."? Those of us who went to the Empire will be reminded of George Formby, but we are serious in asking whether you really are all right. The point is that we have been so busy for many months that we have hardly had time to look about us, and, except for one brief interlude when our more frivolously minded spirits moved us into the Oxford Galleries for our December Dance, we have had our noses down to the grindstone.

## STAFF

Incidentally, now that we have lost so many of our "stalwarts" due to the ravages of Cupid's darts, the members of Staff pictured on this page are now in the forefront of the stage so far as Comptometer in the North East is concerned. Irene Ord is as capable a Demonstrator as any in the past, which is saying a great deal. Peggy Thompson as Service Department Supervisor is responsible for the practical training of several hundred operators per annum. Peggy Bell is one of the principal Teachers in the school where the number of Rings and Brooches gained, together with 100 per cent. Diplomas (Dorothy Thompson and Dorothy Snowdon are two more 100 per cent.) indicates all-round "on the toes" activity. Mr. Fill is our Chief Mechanic whose efficiency in the Repair Department enables him to make light of the repairs and servicing of so many hundreds of machines over the Northern Counties.



Miss P. Thompson



Miss M. Bell



Mr. W. Fill



Miss I. Ord

## ADDITIONS TO STAFF

## HELP !

Talking about stalwarts who have left us, I would

like to say a word of thanks to those married operators who helped us at the year end. Several customers remarked that in spite of increased pressure of work, the necessary was done with greater facility and efficiency than ever before. Married ladies, thank you! Those married operators who see these notes and



Barbara Murray

who are not already helping should, if they desire, register their names with Miss Thompson so that when the need arises they can be called upon.



Marjorie Robson

## GROWTH

I have been reminded to-day that it is over ten years since we transferred from two tiny rooms in Emmerson Chambers, Blackett Street, to our present premises. It is interesting to recall the half dozen operators being trained in those early days and contrast them with the several hundred being taught at one time in our North Eastern Schools to-day.

The Service Department girls gave a very interesting display of Systems of dealing with Book-keeping, Costing, Wages, Invoices, etc., to their Parents before Christmas and a large number of Parents availed themselves of the opportunity to see and hear something more of the profession their daughters are embracing. This and previous exhibitions were so successful that we have decided to hold them twice yearly in future.

## SOCIAL

School Concerts at Christmas again revealed unsuspected talent and it has been decided to form a Social and Dramatic Club in connection with the School. Any old operators who would be interested should give their names in to Miss Bell, the Secretary, so that they may be advised of the dates of events and proposed activities.

## JACK'S THE BOY

From Middlesbrough comes the news of the marriage of Doreen McDonald to Mr. Millar. All best wishes, Doreen. We understand the happy man is in the Merchant Service, and, while he is at sea, Doreen remains at her Comptometer. Will all Comptometer Operators take note and only marry Sailors, please!!

We also hear that Muriel Fenwick is now Mrs. Harris. To her also, we send best wishes.

# Both Sides of -- the Severn

THROUGH the gateway go all classes of transport; ships down the Avon and from Avonmouth to the ends of the Earth, railway transport to every county in the Kingdom, road vehicles along the main roads from Land's End to John O'Groats, planes from our Airport to Cardiff, Bournemouth, etc., and in every sphere of activity Comptometers play their part—checking invoices, bills of lading, freight notes, etc. Come to think of it, we operators have a great heritage, and if we just stop to think and consider that WE are all part of this great "busyness" called business—why, we can't help but do our best.

### "PLEASED TO MEET YOU"

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Sims and Miss Hall who have joined our Staff during the last six months. With our numbers thus strengthened we are even better fitted to render Comptometer Service to all in the West Country, and should YOU have any problems and difficulties, which two heads can solve better than one, please do not hesitate to let us know.

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss E. Unwin who won the much coveted Comptometer Ring in January.

We are very glad to note that more and more Diplomas are being secured by Bristol operators, and we are particularly gratified with the high percentage of marks which is being consistently obtained. This is as it should be, and we trust will continue.

### AGAIN S.O.S.

Sorry we have to broadcast once more our S.O.S. for temporary operators. Surely, there must be a few more experienced operators willing to undertake a little lucrative temporary work? Some of you are giving us valiant service, and for this we are grateful, but there must be others with whom we are not yet in touch. Your co-operation is earnestly requested.

### COMPTOMETER CLUB—TO BE OR NOT TO BE!

Many parts of the country have a Comptometer Club, but we in the West seem to be lacking in this respect, and whilst we have had requests from a few operators in the area to form such a club, we have no evidence to show the wishes of the majority. If, therefore, you are in favour, or have any constructive ideas on



Miss B. Taylor

forming a club, will you please be good enough to get in touch with Miss Morrison at the Bristol Office. Providing we get sufficient support, we will then go further into the matter.

### HAVE YOU THAT TENNIS WRIST?

Comptometer operators have won Beauty Contests, and have distinguished themselves in many spheres, but now we have something new. Just listen to this:—

### "COMPTOMETER

OPERATING ENSURES FLEXIBILITY OF WRIST ACTION, WHICH GREATLY ASSISTS THE TABLE TENNIS ENTHUSIAST WHO ASPIRES TO CHAMPIONSHIP HONOURS. . . ."

These are the words of Miss Christine Jones of the Comptometer Staff, Statistical Section, Chief Mechanical Engineer's Department, Great Western Railway, Swindon, and she certainly ought to know. Last year she won the Ladies' Singles and Mixed Doubles Railways Championship, and again won the Ladies' Singles and Women's Doubles Title in the Bournemouth Open Championships in November, thus winning the Challenge Cup outright.

In the photograph herewith Miss Jones is shown with previous trophies won in Swindon, Kent, Open and Bournemouth Championships.

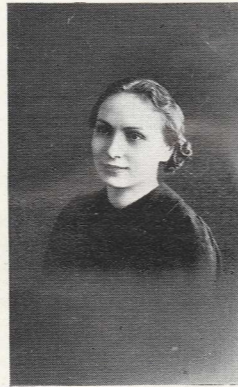
Well done, Christine! Best of luck in your trial for International Honours!!!

(Now operators—watch your wrist-action—who knows but that YOU may become a table tennis star some day! Ed.)

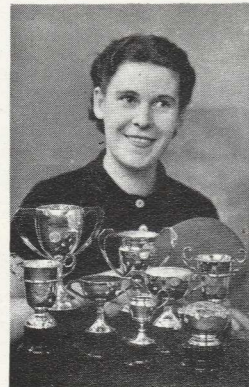
Bill : "My wife's just had quinsies."  
Sam : "Oh, congratulations—but how many's that?"

### TO-DAY'S FAIRY TALE

"Once upon a time a boy had all sorts of illusions about girls, but . . .  
The advertisements have stopped all that."



Miss E. B. Sims  
Addition to staff



Miss Christine Jones  
Who tells you on this page about "Tennis Wrist."



Miss P. Ormond

The photograph on this page of girls from West Wales must be rather surprising to old operators for it is a new feature of the school having students from towns west of Port Talbot, but it is now a permanent feature, and we get a very nice type of girl from West Wales. We are trying to have at least one student in school from each important town in South Wales.

School staff have asked us to bring to the notice of old operators an invitation to call upon us, for there is always pleasure in meeting girls who were at one time students of the School.



Miss M. Jones

### BEAUTY IN WALES

AND we don't mean just the scenery! Take a look at the bright and bonny faces on this page, and, whatever County you were born in, you must in all fairness admit that Welsh girls can hold their own in any company. Perhaps it is the mountain air, perhaps, the sea-breezes, or maybe the Western mists and rain, but something certainly brings sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks.



Group of Swansea Operators attending Cardiff School

In the last few months there have been many Diploma and Ring Winners, and the number being so great we are not going to attempt to list them, but we do want to congratulate them all, for theirs has been a fine achievement.

### PARTY

On December 18th, at the Y.M.C.A., Cardiff, the School held a Christmas Party which was a great success. There were about

ninety operators and friends present, some of the old operators being male students, and these helped to create the right spirit. In fact, it was a really happy party and we hope that such parties can be arranged in the future.

### TENNIS

The School has been playing Table Tennis throughout the winter months arranging monthly tournaments. It is a bit disheartening to the rest of us that Mr. D. G. Hundley, our mechanic, is such a good player for he appears to take the first prize each time. However, one of us may develop play to a point where we can give Mr. Hundley the licking he deserves.



Miss D. Owen

### HOCKEY

Hockey has been played only spasmodically this season for there has been some difficulty in arranging fixtures. The school team is always ready to meet a Cardiff and district team, so that if any of you know of a team looking for a match in this season, please let us know. We have some handy handlers of a hockey stick.

Since the last issue of the "Comptometer News," School Staff has been increased by the appointment of Miss W. I. Owen, a former student who left the employ of the Newport and South Wales Tube Co., Ltd. to come to us. She has been here sufficiently long for us to know that we have made a good appointment and for School students to know that they have a good friend in her.



Miss Joan Mitchell



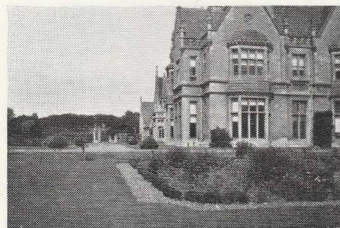
# Arle Court

## MODERN EFFICIENCY IN AN OLD WORLD SETTING

COMPTOMETERS are found in many spots, beautiful and otherwise, but surely none tap out their efficient rhythm amid pleasanter surroundings than the machines at Arle Court, Cheltenham, the office and factory of Messrs. Aircraft Components, Ltd., in truth "a factory in a garden."

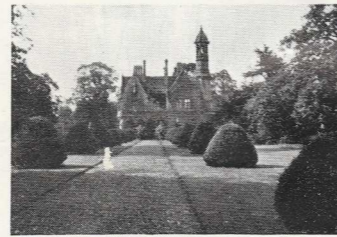
Arle Court is a well-built Eighteenth Century mansion set within lovely grounds and was formerly the county seat of W. D. Unwin, Esq., affectionately known as "Squire Unwin." Now, however, times have changed and the wheels of industry turn to good purpose, where once was rustic calm. Outwardly, nothing appears to have altered, and we were greatly impressed by the splendour of the Court as we drove up to the main entrance hall. When, however, we were ushered into the Board Room we were absolutely astounded at the magnificence that met our eyes. Picture the scene! From the ceiling hung a huge chandelier, the brilliance of the lustres being enhanced by the aid of electric lights which a modern age had seen fit to substitute for the humbler form of old-world lighting. How that chandelier radiated shafts of light in all directions! Glancing round the walls we saw wood carvings of exquisite quality and craftsmanship. The immense fireplace of Florentine marble was in keeping with the huge carved table which

filled the centre of the room. It was in this glorious old-world setting that we were asked to demonstrate the machine of the moderns



The fine view from the Terrace

Far from being over-awed by the occasion, the Comptometer made itself thoroughly at home, and liked its surroundings so well that it absolutely refused to leave, and we just allowed it to take up permanent residence there. Before leaving, we were shown other parts of the mansion equally as beautiful, and we were not surprised when we learned that craftsmen had been brought over specially from Italy at the time the Court was built, and it was their magnificent handiwork in wood and marble that we had been admiring.



Headquarters of Aircraft Components Ltd.

Just a word about the organisation which is housed in such marvellous surroundings. Aircraft Components, Ltd., has a history which, in itself, is quite romantic. Commencing operations in Cheltenham in 1932 with a modest staff of three persons, this firm, which manufactures undercarriages and hydraulic equipment for aircraft, now employs some four hundred hands and further factory extensions are in progress. Such rapid growth is proof positive of the importance and high-standing of the firm's products in the eyes of the Aircraft Industry.

We cannot close down without adding that, so overjoyed did the first Comptometer become with its new home and surroundings, it insisted on having company, and three Comptometers are now working happily together in close harmony.

W. E. J.



# Just for Fun

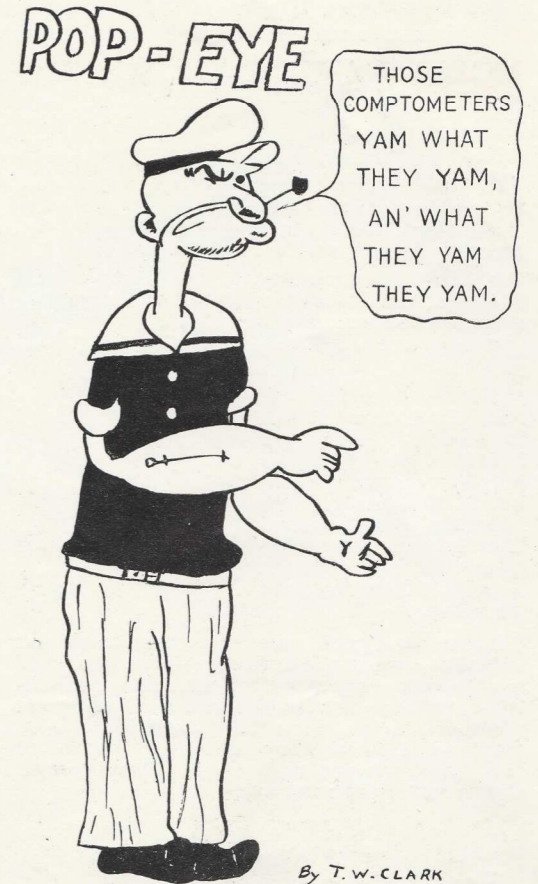
## THE COMP. GIRL'S RING

The film star has a diamond ring;  
The bride has one of gold;  
The smartest Comp. girls too have rings  
More valuable, I'm told:  
Some men may laugh at modern girls,  
But this is my confession—  
The Comp. girl has last laugh of all;  
She's top of her profession.

To gain a ring each one does strive:  
It is no easy task:  
She works all day with might and main  
With what result, you ask?  
The film star has her beauty,  
And so have Comp. girls too;  
Now, all you busy business men,  
A Comp. girl's best for you.

Her ring's the sign she knows her job;  
She's smart from head to toe:  
Beneath her busy fingers' skill  
The rows of figures go.  
She is efficient, smart and neat;  
She's every latest thing;  
Her effort shows its grand results  
THE COMP. GIRL WITH HER RING.

Eleanor Whitfield.



By T. W. CLARK

Drawn in appreciation of Popeye who appears in the "Daily Mirror" every day.

## "W(H)INING"

A class of small school children were given the following sum:—

"If there were ten gallons of wine, how many half-pint glasses could be filled from it?"

As it was getting near the end of the afternoon the teacher said, "Take it home as a problem for homework."

The next morning one of the pupils of the class was very late, and gave the teacher this note from his mother:—

"Please excuse William for being late, and do not give him any more wine sums for homework. My husband and three friends were working at it all evening and consequently we were all up late this morning. The kitchen table is littered with half-pint glasses which I have to wash up. My husband is not fit to go to work. In any case, he has forgotten the answer to the sum."

Kathleen Robson.



Drawn by Miss P. Sandwick

**COMPETITION RESULTS**

Prize of £1 ls. 0d.

Drawing, "Please Tell Your Friends," Miss M. Fidoe (Coventry).

Original, clever and humorous and emphasises a very important message.

Prize of Half-a-Guinea.

Article, "Coming of Ye Komptometer," Mr. J. E. Eversden, Wallingford (London).

Not only humorous, but shows a clever understanding of human nature.

Prize of Half-a-Guinea.

Drawing, "Old Faithful," Mary Prior, Darlington (Middlesbrough).

Possibly the most perfect drawing we have ever received, but we have to consider originality as well when awarding the prizes.

Solid Silver Eversharp Pencils have been sent to:—

- Mr. T. W. Clark (London).
- Miss Lily R. Cornford (London).
- Miss Marjorie Etheridge (Birmingham).
- Miss R. L. Joyce (London).
- Miss Norah Kent, Whitley Bay (Newcastle).
- Mr. W. R. Moule (Birmingham).
- Miss Ethel Raby (London).
- Miss Kathleen Robson (Middlesbrough).
- Miss P. Sandwick, Wingate (Middlesbrough).
- Miss Edna Stokes (London).
- Miss Eleanor Whitfield (Newcastle).

It is surely a good omen for our newly opened School at Coventry that the first prize has gone to a Coventry Operator. We must also congratulate Tyne, Tees and Thames for again being most prominent in the prize list. Birmingham also scores again, but what about all the other schools? Let's hear from you next time, and send in your entries as soon as you can.

Jack : "I say, that girl smiled at me."

Reg : "Well, don't get conceited. Maybe she's got a sense of humour."

Puss : "I insured my beauty for £10,000."

Cat : "Oh, and what have you done with the money?"

Q. : "What should we do with young people now-a-days? They are always wanting to 'swing.'"

A. : "Give 'em plenty of rope and let 'em."



**PASS IT ON**

We hope you have enjoyed this booklet. Would you be good enough to pass it to a friend when you have finished with it. Perhaps any parents who may be reading this have friends who are wondering what to do with their sons and daughters. In any case, by passing it on, you may help to introduce someone else to the profitable career of Comptometer Operating. Alternatively, we will gladly post copies to your friends if you will send us their Names and Addresses, and your co-operation will be warmly appreciated.

May we thank you in advance?

**COMPETITION RULES**

1. All readers are eligible to compete.
2. Entries should not exceed 600 words. Quality rather than quantity is sought.
3. Incidents purporting to be true should not be otherwise.
4. All Entries must be the Competitor's original work and should contain a statement to this effect, together with full Name and Address, and nearest School.
5. There is a prize of £1 ls. 0d. for the best contribution and two prizes of half-a-guinea each for the two next best. Presents will be given for everything else that is published.
6. Entries may be verse, prose, anecdotes, drawings, short stories, description of unusual holidays or experiences, or anything exceptionally good about Comptometers or operating. Prose articles are often more valuable when accompanied by photographs or sketches, but this is not essential.
7. The Editor cannot guarantee to return any entries, but will endeavour to do so if asked.
8. The Editor's decision in all matters must be accepted.

Grateful Acknowledgments to:—

- Mr. W. H. Norman, Sheffield, for new ideas and co-operation.
- Mr. W. E. Jones, Bristol, for Article on Arle Court, photographs and short items.
- Mr. R. D. Cooper, Birmingham, for "Beauty Contests Again"
- and all others who have assisted.

We shall be starting at once on the next Issue, so please send your efforts as soon as you can to The Editor, "Comptometer News," Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

**WAS THIS IN LANCASHIRE?**

She was showing fellow-pupils her new Comptometer Ring.

"Eighteen carat?" asked one of them.

"No, chewing gum," came the reply.

**TO-DAY'S CHARADE**

"My first is a green kind of animal, my second wriggles horribly, and my third is part of the milky way. What am I?"

"Tight!"



*Hurrah!*

**Comptometer**  
Adding and Calculating Machine

**This Certifies that**

**MISS GREAT BRITAIN**  
of **ALDWYCH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2**  
has completed the prescribed course of instruction, and has passed the qualifying examinations with an efficiency test of **100%** in the Comptometer School on the Comptometer in the following general principles: **ADDITION — DIVISION — MULTIPLICATION — SUBTRACTION**

As a graduate of one School, the bearer is entitled to the services of any of the Comptometer Schools throughout the World; those in Great Britain and Ireland are situated as under:

**BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BRADFORD, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, DUBLIN, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, HULL, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, MIDDLESBROUGH, NEWCASTLE, NOTTINGHAM AND SHEFFIELD.**

Given by the authority of  
**Felt & Tarrant, Ltd.**  
ALDWYCH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2  
Comptometer Adding and Calculating Machine

*H. S. Davidson* General Manager  
*K. Jackson* Branch Manager

REMEMBER that you have been trained to operate the finest adding and calculating machine in the world, and are entitled to such service from us as will enable you, with your own efforts, to make the Comptometer of maximum service to your employer. Do not be satisfied with anything but the best results for the sake of your employer, yourself, and the community.

*Dorothy* Teacher.

**I've Got it.**

THE CHAIN OF COMPTONER  
TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR  
OPERATORS COVERING  
GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND

